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KNOXVILLE COLLEGE.

By Mrs. Jennie Logue Campbell.

A RECENT visit to Knoxville College in connection with the Summer Bible School has impressed me with the fact that our church as a whole does not realize how much has already been accomplished in our work among the Freedmen, nor the magnitude of the opportunity still opening before us among these victims of oppression. It was my first and only visit to any of these mission stations, and to convey some idea of what is being done there is the object of this article.

Knoxville is a beautiful little city of more than thirty thousand inhabitants. It is on the Tennessee river and is quite a railroad center. The scenery surrounding it is beautiful. To the eastward are the Cumberland mountains, rising range upon range, while in the far distance, the dim outline of "Old Smoky" may be seen through the blue haze. Those who have read the stories of Miss Murfree—"Charles Edward Craddock," will remember her descriptions of the marvelous beauty of the Tennessee mountains. Knoxville was the scene of one of the very hotly contested battles of the Civil War. The ruins of the Union fort are still shown on a ridge to the east of the town. On the opposite ridge where our college stands, the rebels were encamped, and the lines of their entrenchments may be traced on the campus. They are carefully preserved by President McCullough as a historical monument. In Knoxville is located one of the National cemeteries, and here some four thousand of the Union dead sleep. Knoxville is the seat of the State University, and is an important educational and literary centre for the South.

But the special point of interest in the city to a United Presbyterian is the College for the Freedmen. Three large brick buildings rise on the slope of the ridge; and, in the rear, are three more large brick buildings and four frame cottages. These cottages furnish homes for the families of the professors, or serve other purposes as emergencies may arise. As one approaches from the front, the new college building forms the center of the view. It stands on nearly the ground occupied by the former one, which was destroyed by fire in February,

1894, It is a stately building, a hundred and nineteen feet long, and seventy-five feet wide, two stories high with a central tower. Here are all the school-rooms, seventeen in number, provided with comfortable chairs and excellent blackboards. The woodwork is light, and with the clean white walls gives an air of cheerfulness to the building. A tasteful chapel capable of seating six hundred gives a place of worship, not only for the students but also for the little congregation gathered from the colored people outside the college.

To the south of the college building stands the new young men's dormitory, replacing the one which was swept away by the mysterious fire a year and a half ago. In this building, three stories high, are fifty-five rooms. A matron and one or two professors room here and take charge of the order of the building. It is heated by steam. The students rooms are small but comfortable. The furniture of each room consists of chairs, a table and a folding bed—the beds made in the workshops of the college. A corner closet, or ward-robe, belongs to each room. There are no carpets in the rooms, but the floors are of hard wood. The halls, however, have either carpet or matting. The occupants of a room take charge of it and are required to keep it scrupulously clean. On the lower floor of this building is a cheerful reading room where may be found reference books, and some periodicals. The library is in another part of the same building and while not very large, contains some excellent books.

Elnathan—Gift of God—is the name applied to the Young Ladies' Hall, and to many doubtless, it has been indeed a gift of God. It stands to the north of the college. It is four stories high and contains sleeping rooms for ninety young ladies furnished like those in the young men's hall. Most interesting, perhaps, are the domestic arrangements. The young men, as well as the young ladies with the teachers and professors, take their meals here, and all the food for a family of perhaps two hundred is prepared in the basement of this building. The spacious dining room could seat more than that number. I could not help wishing that every practical housekeeper in the United Presbyterian church could have had the opportunity of following Miss Wallace as she guided me through the labyrinth of rooms in the basement and could have seen the neatness and order of the whole establishment. It does not always promote an appetite for food to visit the kitchen where it is prepared, but this is one that will bear inspection. Perfect system prevails. Here are storage rooms for vegetables and for fruits, fresh or canned, a milk room, a bake room, and others which I cannot enumerate. The bread is made and baked by the young men, two hundred loaves at a baking. The young men also assist in some of the heavier work of the kitchen, and in clearing off the tables. The dish-washing room adjoins the dining room. The dishes of two tables, each seating perhaps fifteen people, are carried in systematic order, beginning with the glasses, to one of the sinks which have two divisions, one for washing and one for rinsing. There is also a table on which to set the clean dishes connected with each one, aud it is the work of certain students to put the dishes away in their place. The dish-towels are required to be carefully washed after using, and are marked with the number of the sink to which they belong, so that it is easy to find the delinquent if the work is carelessly done. The greatest efforts are made to teach the young girls to do domestic work, and to do it well. The work is changed from time to time, and no girl graduates from the institution without a year's ex-

perience in preparing each of the three meals. All the work of the institution is done by the students, no hired help being employed, either in the house or on the grounds, each student being assigned to work about an hour a day. Along with the training of the head goes that of the hand. All the girls are taught plain sewing; and there is a dress-making department of whose advantages the older girls may avail themselves. The young men do the work on the grounds, and can learn type setting on the little monthly paper, the "Aurora." For those who wish to take the mechanical course there is the Industrial building equipped with engine, circular saw, lathes, work benches, and outfits of tools. The new buildings are lighted by electricity and under the supervision of one of the professors, the students have an opportunity to become acquainted with the management of electrical machinery. Everything that means will permit of is done to fit these young people to become useful members of society.

Two buildings, somewhat to the rear of those already described, are exceedingly interesting to the visitor—the homes for little girls and for little boys. Each is equipped to accommodate fifty children. These institutions are entirely separate from each other and have their own kitchens and dining-rooms. To them children between the ages of six and fourteen are admitted. Under the care of the matron, assisted by one or two of the older girls, these children in each home do all the work of their own building, including washing, ironing and mending their own clothes. They attend school in the college building, but have a study room where the matron sits with them in the evenings. They sleep in dormitories, and it is a beautiful sight to see the forty or fifty neatly made little white beds. In each building is a sick room where, in case of illness, the sufferer is tenderly cared for. Among these little ones are orphans and children of parents who are unable to care for them in their homes as they would wish. Saddest of all is the case of those whose mothers are of such moral character that the daughters must be entirely separated from them, and who must remain in the Home, even during vacations. Many children come to the Home, knowing nothing of the refinements, or even the proprieties of life—children to whom a fork or a spoon are unknown utensils. In these homes they receive the careful training of a Christian family. God only knows how much good has already been accomplished in saving these little ones from moral shipwreck.

Six dollars a month paid in advance, pays the expenses of a student, including board and tuition in each of the departments. It may readily be seen that to make ends meet requires carefulness and economy in the management of the institution. And yet last year the income of the boarding department exceeded the outlay by several hundred dollars.

It goes without saying that Knoxville College is pervaded by an earnest religious spirit. It exists for Christ and the church, and every year young men and women are brought to consecrate heart and life to the Saviour. Did space permit very touching instances might be given to illustrate this statement. In the training school young men and women are prepared for teaching, and many school houses over the Southland are open to them. A theological department has recently been added to the school; and, during the coming year, a medical department is to be opened. But whether as preachers, teachers, physicians; whether they work with head or hand, as a rule, the students of Knoxville College go out to extend helping hands to

their own people in the struggle upward toward a better temporal and spiritual life.

The summer Bible school, under the leadership of Rev. H. H. Bell, assisted by the professors of the college, was very helpful to all who were present. The attendance was not so large as had been expected, partly because being held some time after the close of the college year, the students had been obliged to scatter to different places to engage in work. But much enthusiasm was aroused, permanent organization has been formed, and it is hoped ni another year the Bible school may begin as soon as the college closes, thus giving an opportunity for the students to remain at comparatively small expense.

It is hard to close this article without a word in regard to the men and women who have given, and are giving, effort and energy to building up this institution. Beginning in 1878 with a small day school and a single boarder, it has grown to be what it is, because of the devoted efforts of men and women whose hearts are filled with the love of Christ and of the down-trodden and oppressed. Let the United Presbyterian church faithfully sustain them, and her other workers among the Freedmen, by prayers and by contributions, and hers may be no small share in the glad privilege of lifting a darkened race into the light and joy of a better day.

Monmouth, Ill.

MISSION WORK IN BLACK BELT.

READ AT ANNUAL MEETING, JERSEY CITY, MAY, 1895, BY MRS. TILLIE E. JOHNSON.

IT is not from some of the intelligent localities where the effect of a good public school system is felt, where there has been the enjoyment of religious and political privileges, where the negro has gathered some of this world's goods about him and is enjoying the comforts of his own home; it is not from such a place as this I am come, but from the Black Belt of the South, black in sin, black in superstition and vice, black from the effects of slavery—from the very citadel of ignorance I am come to plead for my people.

Black Belt originally meant a strip of black soil, not unlike the rich prairie land of the West, extending across some of the southern states, especially Mississippi and Alabama. Here in ante bellum days the wealthy planters had extensive cotton farms requiring great slave labor, After freedom the negroes continued to live on the old plantations, and now because of their great number above the whites the term, "Black Belt," has become a synonym for negro habitations.

Their facilities for improvement are extremely meager; for the most part they are pitiably poor and their poverty is increased by the credit system and their own child like carelessness and improvidence. The credit system differs from northern ideas of credit. A negro is engaged to work on a plantation and so much meal and sidemeat are allowed him and family per week. The planter keeps account, takes the negroes crop when it is made, disposes of it to suit himself, and turns over what he chooses—very seldom money—to the laborer; but most often the poor man comes out in debt, and thus year after year he is held fast. A public school whose term lasts but three months, resolves itself into a cipher because of the unqualified teacher, and her presence is largely due to the eight, ten and fifteen dollars per month

salary. The religious instructors as a rule cannot read a short passage of scripture correctly. The quotations from the Bible and exercises of their text would fill a D. D. with amazement.

Physicians are expensive and usually live some distance from the plantations. The nearest at Miller's Ferry is nine miles. So the witch doctor—a legacy of African heathenism—does a profitable business and according to his verdict the patient has been tricked. Some one has buried a vial containing rusty nails under the doorstep, or some other such nonsense, to which is attributed the pains of the sufferer. The sick one is deceived in this way by the conjurer into giving all she has to him to have the tricks destroyed.

Crowded together in wretched huts usually containing one room or at most two, large families of eight, ten and twelve, cook, eat and sleep. There can be no privacy and boys and girls reared in such an atmosphere cannot be models of modesty.

When we remember that in Christian families whose members have had all the advantages of intelligent training and pure gospel preaching, where Christ's pure life is held up as a model, there are those who cause the hair of their parents to whiten before its time, what is to be expected of people who have been receiving years of training in immorality and even taught by their religious guides "whatever us does God'll forgive us."

The unanimous opinion is that the greatest hindrance to mission work among my people is the native preacher. As a call by some dream or vision usually comes to about one-half of the men converted, the plantations literally swarm with preachers, who are anxious to be honored with the title, Rev., and have a following. Aware of his own deficiency and fearing anything that may lessen his power over the people, he stands ready to oppose whatever may enlighten them. He is not a preacher of righteousness, but of long white robes, starry crowns, and golden slippers that shall be ours when "we've passed through de methusalem blue." To reach heaven, where there's "nothin' 'tall to do but to ring dem chimin' bells," is the object of the people's religion, and all good or bad tell you, "Ise gwine to make heben my home," So the preacher panders to the ignorance of the people and rarely fails in his sermon to take his congregation on an excursion from the Garden of Eden in Genesis down to Egypt, across the Red Sea and over the river of Jordan and amid much singing, jumping, moaning, shouting, and crying he finally passes them through the "metrackless air" and enters them safely thro' the pearly gates in Revelations. Grossly immoral himself, he does not pretend to discipline a member no matter what law of God or man is violated and no member of the church is ever lost according to the preacher. One whose life had been black with sin died in our community last year, but since she "membered de time an' 'membered de, place, when her sins wuz forgive an' her soul sot free," the minister declared, or rather sung, "I see Sister Tildy a wingin' her flight thro' de new Jerusalem." Imagine the effect of such doctrine as this on the weak boys and girls whom the mission has been trying to train to pure living and you can sympathize with us if we sometimes wish that we, like Elijah of old, could call down fire on these worshipers of the spirit of darkness.

A great impediment to the missionaries work is the unsettled condition of the people. While in other parts of the South, according to H. W. Grady, the negro possesses many million dollars worth of taxable property, yet in the majority of the Black Belt counties it is

rare to find one in a radius of eight and ten miles owning a home. They are therefore bound to no special locality, but are constantly moving from one plantation to another. Each year finds the Christian worker with several new faces before her while many familiar ones are missing, and the seed sown and springing up with so much hope of a joyous harvest is possibly, nay probably, "choked and withered. Under the credit system there is little hope that the people will ever have homes of their own. They have no capital to begin with but their muscles, and usually find themselves at the end of a year's work in debt to land owners and store-keepers. This means only another form of slavery, for no one can leave a plantation in debt under penalty of imprisonment and hard work in the coal mines. Having no idea of economy or self-denial and being unable to keep accounts, they become an easy prey for avaricious merchants.

The race is increasing rapidly, the Black Belt is getting blacker. This demands continued and more extensive mission work, for increased numbers means increased vice and crime. Added to this the influence of the uneducated millions on society, civilization, and politics and the church of Christ has before her a subject of the gravest nature. These are urgent reasons for doing now that which will better the state of things, for taking measures to remove the conditions which render this portion of our country the plague spot on the American continent. That this appalling state is due largely to ignorance of proper methods and lack of opportunity is unquestioned. What is the remedy and how can it best be applied? The Industrial and Missionary Association of Beloit, Ala., is answering this question in a manner deserving of notice. A plantation is bought and divided into small farms, which at first are rented to the colored people but as soon as possible sold to them. They are taught farming on improved methods, encouraged to self help and the practice of economy by the hope of having a home; at the same time intellectual and religious training is given them. With such a plan as this at work in our missions in the Black Belt there is no reason why there should not be rapid progress on all lines. As it is now, just as our young men and women are best fitted to become useful members of our church, they are tempted to leave the community because there is nothing to hold them—nothing before them but the living over again of the same monotonous, hopeless life of their fathers. They are likely to drift into the cities and to the hotels where there are temptations that a country boy or girl is often unable to resist. A permanent, self-sustaining congregation under existing circumstances is an impossibility. All must see the necessity of these people who are living in an agricultural country being taught how to till the land to the best advantage; and when this is done 'twill do away with much of the restlessness and aid greatly in encouraging a spirit of home getting.

Since the preacher is the most influential person among our people, surely no more politic action—no other move, could be productive of more lasting good than to train him how to use that wonderous power for the betterment of his people. Our plan would be this: during the few weeks or months when there's no special work on the plantations, have him come into our log dormitory, built by him and for this purpose, where he will be brought under *daily Christian* influences, required to conduct himself in a manner becoming a minister of the gospel, and trained to true Christian living. He would have half a day's teaching, making a specialty of Bible study and preparation of sermons; the other half

day would be spent in work cutting cord wood, splitting rails, building additions to houses, or in any of the odds and ends so needed on a farm. This work would help pay his board. His evenings would be spent in study, attending lectures on practical subjects pertaining to pastoral work, and Sabbath afternoons in evangelical work. Starting with only a few and working in this way, we believe a vast amount of good can be accomplished, a strong ally won, and all for a very small outlay. The pastor would take charge of this department, so no extra teacher would be necessary. This plan is being very successfully operated at Tuskegee, Ala.

In spite of his ignorance, superstition, and moral weakness, the negro possesses many qualities that fit him for good citizenship. He is teachable, as a rule industrious, not avaricious, and even his violation of law is most often that of petty theft. His cheerfulness is proverbial, and his loyalty unquestioned. Negroes were not in the ranks of the Coxeyites, nor are they co-workers with strikers, nor among anarchists.

Educate and befriend him who never shouted, aught save, "Union Forever," nor sang other than, "We'll rally round the flag," and our country will some day be proud of her black-faced sons and daughters.

Churches of various denominations have schools in the Black Belt and are doing a grand work in training the teachers and future leaders of our race; but these are mainly in the cities and towns, while the country districts, where nine-tenths of the colored population are found, are practically untouched. Truly there is no more neglected mission field in the United States. The United Presbyterian church realizing this, opened a school on one of the large cotton plantations in Wilcox Co., Ala., just within the southern limits of the Black Belt. In an old hut that would have been cheerless indeed but for the bright sunlight that streamed in the cracks on all sides as well as above, with forty or fifty half-dressed children seated on backless benches, a student from Knoxville College started what is now known as Miller's Ferry mission. When the cold chilly days came, as there was no way of having fire in the room, one was kindled under a large tree near the cabin door. Here amid blinding smoke lessons were learned and recited. A Sabbath-school was organized, but this the preachers declared to be sinful and without Scriptural authority. Their church members were forbidden to attend on punishment of expulsion. With the people Sabbath was a day of visiting, gossiping, gambling, drinking, and carousal. Women got drunk and acted in the most shameless manner. But homes were visited by our missionary, and Bible readings and prayer meetings held in them. The school grew in numbers and interest until the Freedmen's Board felt encouraged to put up a building. Two large rooms were accordingly erected and filled to overflowing as soon as completed. Almost yearly there have been additions until we had a neat two-story building containing four class rooms and a chapel; yet it was often inadequate to accomodate our Sabbath worshipers.

It is doubtful whether there is a mission station under our Boards that is more promising than this one, begun ten years ago amid so many doubts and misgivings. A Sabbath-school of two hundred, a day school of two hundred and seventy, a Band of Hope of over one hundred, a L. M. S. of forty-five, Junior Missionary society of forty-four, a congregation of fifty-four—just a little more than one year old, which in its first few month's existence reported $100 to the Board and this year has sent in its full quota, in addition to $20 to the India

mission—these are only a few of the results. The improved home life, growing self-respect and regard for good morals are results most encouraging to workers.

The United Presbyterian church, because of its strong religious principles, its practice of no respecter of person and its stand on the slavery question, has endeared itself to our people wherever it is known. As one of our Glee club boys remarked to an audience last summer, "There are three objects dear to the negro, Abraham Lincoln, the United Presbyterian church, and the Republican party.

To our church is opened up a rich field of labor. Will it obey opportunity's command, "Go over and possess it?" If so it might have in a few years a score of mission stations and congregations worshiping God in Spirit and in truth, where there's scarcely half a dozen now.

No one can tell the vast amount of good done by those who contribute toward the education of the negro in our schools and college.

We, like the man who fell among thieves, have been "beaten, robbed, stripped and left half dead;" we beseech you, friends, to be our good Samaritan. The rapid growth of the race, our wretched home training, our lack of religious teaching, our American citizenship, all plead that for the nation's good, for the cause of true, pure christianity, for the glory of our King, our friend will not "pass by on the other side."

Just four days before my leaving home our school building, which served for church purposes also, was burned to the ground and all was lost; not even a Bible or Psalm book was saved. The prayers and tears of parents and children when they beheld their loss were truly affecting.

On Sabbath following a meeting was held in the grove, near the smoking ruins, and opportunity was given the people to speak as to the future of the work. "I feel like I've lost a father," said one. "Ise willin to give my last cent toward another building. Us don't want we chilun to go back into conjurism us wants 'em to go on and be ladies and genmens what de teachers was a 'makin of em. I'll do my part to help," said another. "Ise willin to live on bread and milk and go without meat to help," told still another. Some of the mothers could scarcely speak because of the choaking sobs. All showed as our friend, Judge Henderson (white) expressed it, that while we are very poor there is a great deal of heart wealth among us.

The interest in the work has never been more manifest than now; and the loss of the building is a serious calamity, as we have no place of worship except under the trees where our mission first began, and at a season when temptation to attend the Sabbath desecrating "big meetin" is strongest. We scarcely know what to do, but God gave us the building that was, and "to the hills we lift our eyes," knowing that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.

CINDY'S CHANCE.

By Kate W. Hamilton.

"TO-MORRER Tige! to-morrer!"

The words were scarcely more than whisper, and the grizzled old dog to whom they were addressed recognized in them nothing more important than his own name, but to the girl they held such a weight of meaning there was a blending of awe and incredulity in her tone, and she repeated the one word as if trying to convince herself—"On'y to-morrer!"

She stood in the rude porch of a little Tennessee cabin on the mountain side.

Through the open door—open always, summer or winter, save when some mountain storm swept down—flashed the light of ruddy flames in the wide fireplace. That was the one spot of brightness and beauty in the bare room; the one suggestion of bounteousness where all else was painfully meagre. Before the uneven hearth sat an old woman, her face hidden in a sun bonnet as she bent over her bit of coarse knitting, or turned to stir the contents of a kettle slowly cooking beside the fire. The dark rafters over her head were decorated with bunches of drying herbs and two or three pieces of smoked meat. A cupboard of primitive design and exceedingly limited capacity was built against the wall. Opposite it stood a table of equally rude construction. These, with two or three chairs and a bench, completed the furnishing of the room.

But whatever straitness and poverty were within the little home there was lavish beauty without on that October afternoon. The mountain side was all aglow with autumn's gorgeous coloring, russet and scarlet, crimson and gold, broken here and there by the darkgreen of the pines. Farther away were rugged mountain tops, softened now by the delicate haze that hung over them, and down through the valley flashed the narrow river. The girl's eyes wandered over the scene absently, it was all familar to her, and she could not have told that she liked it for any other reason. She, too, wore the inevitable sun bonnet, but she had pushed it back as if for freer breath and wider vision. Her face was sunburned, and her dress was scant; her hands, large and toil-hardened, told their own story, but her brown eyes had a dumb wistfulness in their gaze not unlike those of the dog at her side.

"Mos' sun-settin', Cindy," said the old woman at the hearth.

The sun was still high enough to be flooding all the hilltops with light, but down in the valley the shadows were beginning to interlace. The girl slowly noted this and assented with a monosyllable.

"Ya-as."

"Yer don't see Tim a commin'?"

The brown eyes followed the narrow winding road until it was lost among the trees, but with no thought of seeing either the person mentioned or any one else at that hour.

"He couldn't noways be comin' so early Granny—she began. Then divining that the question was born not of expectation but of unrest—the strange fever that was in her own veins that day –she turned and entered the cabin. Standing by the fireplace, her eyes fixed upon the flames instead of upon the face opposite her, she fingered the folds of her coarse apron nervously. But when she spoke the words were slow.

"Taint noways sure he kin do it Granny, I low taint sure—"

"An' I 'low," interposed the old woman with a decisive nod of her bonneted head, "that it do be sure. Ef so be 'taint this week—we uns can't allers calc'late fur sartin, Cindy—why it mought be nex' week. Yer bound ter hev yer chance. Cindy.

There was little need of explaining to the girl the uncertainty of human calculations; that was the one thing life had taught her, even though all hopes and plans had been on so low a plane, and ambition almost unknown. Backward through her fifteen years of experience of work in the fields, berry-picking in tangled thickets, taking care of the poor-fed cow and overworked mule that Uncle Tim denominated "stawk," going on long tramps to the village with pitiful little stores of "projuce"—through it all she could scarcely remember a fall when the verdict concerning the crops

had not been "skurcer'n we 'lowed they oughter," nor a winter when the stock had not been, as Granny expressed it, "powerful likely to die on our han's." Monotonously alike the years had been! Still farther back, in the mists of her earliest childhood, Cindy could dimly recall her mother—only a thin figure wrapped in a faded shawl sitting beside the fire, a sallow face, hollow eyes, and pain that racked the feeble frame day and night though Granny brewed all the herbs from the rafters. Then, one day, a straggling little procession had wound down the mountain side, carrying a long box. Cindy could remember that she had stared after it from the cabin-door in round eyed wonder, and had only been restrained from following by the strong grasp of a neighbor from "up mounting," who inquired sternly if she "didn't sense 'twas her maw's fun'ral?"

These two pictures, so vague that she scarcely knew whether they were memory or dreams, were all that remained to her of her mother; except a little worn black book which no one in the cabin could read, but which Granny once assured her that her mother was "mighty sot on." But if motherhood was to Cindy only a fading menory, fatherhood meant something more tangible and infinitely worse an evil, besotted presence, at the mere thought of which she shuddered. Through what wretchedness of want and wandering the man had dragged his wife and child before they returned to the cabin could only be conjectured. He left them there to be cared for as might happen by his mother and young brother and himself plunged into a wilder, madder life than before. Cindy had seldom seen him since. His visits fortunately were rare and brief, but they were occasions of terror, for he only came when under the influence of some prolonged debauch, and with the purpose of robbing the poor little place of something it could illy spare. Once, for two or three dreadful days he hung about the vicinity of the cabin—in hiding they surmised for some deed that might provoke the vengeance of law. But it was long now since they had seen or heard from him—so long that Cindy began to hope he had either been killed, arrested or at least driven out of the country in araid —on an illicit distillery back in the mountains. Does the wish sound horrible? The fear that it might not be realized seemed much more horrible to his daughter who had awakened many a night trembling lest some sound might be her father's step; for he had once threathened when they offered him resistance—take her away.

But it was not of him she was thinking this golden afternoon. A new hope had come into her life, a project which, now that it seemed passing from a dream into active fulfillment, appeared to her so stupendous that it awed and bewildered her. It began months before, when two young ladies, an unaccustomed sight on that lonely road, had paused at the little porch to rest, and talked of books and a life so unlike this of the mountains that it might have belonged to another planet.

Or did it begin that day when Granny, down in the village first heard of the school for poor girls? However it happened, it was Granny who had first formed the purpose.

"Ef so be thar's chances Cindy shall hev one. I give my word to her maw, an' I aint goin' back on it," she said emphatically.

Uncle Tim, dull, plodding, incapable, but good natured, was of the same mind; but the gathering of the few dollars on which Granny felt that success depended was an ardous undertaking. "Cindy ain't a-goin' jes' empty handed, 'cause it don't stan' to reason that bein' as some kin pay all thar way, as I've heerd they do, that them as has nothin' kin hev much chance," she argued.

So all the summer there had been the slow saving—so slow, when there never was enough for bare necessities! Then a brilliant thought had occurred to Uncle Tim.

"I reckon I mought sell the mule," he said suddenly looking up from his pipe. "I jedge the work'n' him's 'bout done fur this fall. He ain't much 'count noways; he's powerful old, an' we aint got no luck keepin' critters in winter. 'low I'd better sell him—ef I kin."

That the latter clause was eminently pertinent would have been conceded by any unprejudiced observer as the poor animal was led down the road the next morning. Nevertheless it was upon this sale that the two at the fireside were basing their plans.

"Git out that thar stockin', Cindy, an' let's see once't more how much thar is," said the old woman. And as the girl brought the little hoard from its hiding place and dropped it into her lap, the knarled brown fingers grasped it eagerly. "Took mighty hard work to git it," she added. "Someways yer maw warnt never jes' like we uns. "Not as she wer sot up—bein' Dan's wife I jedge she hadn't no call ter be, but she could read that book jes' as easy 'thout no spellin', an some nights I'd hear her a sayin, words out'n it. She'd soft like ways, an' I seen she was worried 'bout leavin' ye, so I tells her Granny'll take keer of ye. Then she 'lowed she didn't want ye brung up jes' this-a-way, like folks here about, an' I says to her: 'Ef thar's any chances, Cindy shall hev' em;' kinder cheered her up, that did, an' whilst she was a dyin' she said"—Granny lowered her voice impressively and fixed her eyes upon Cindy—"the Lord will provide." That's plumb the words she said. So I've allus been a watchin'."

A shadow darkened the porch, and Cindy uttered a startled cry.

"Thar's dad!"

Quick as thought Granny slipped the little bag of precious savings into her knitting, and as she sprang to her feet dexterously tossed the whole into a corner of the wide fireplace where, though plentifully sprinkled with ashes, it was safe from the flames.

"Ye hain't no call ter start me till I drop my work inter the fire, Dan Sloan," she said severely." "What hev yer come fur now?"

An imprecation on her work and the place in general, with the unnecessary statement that he had come for money or something with which "to turn the luck," was his answer.

"An this yere's a good place to come for that, Dan Sloan," she retorted scornfully. "A woman what hes such a son as ye air to take keer of is like to hev a powerful heap o' money. Jes' help yerself."

That he was sure to do she knew, and as he passed into the inner room, she darted a significant glance at Cindy, who, pallid and speechless, had edged her way to the door The girl understood the look and fled.

The flight of the girl, however, attracted no attention. Meanwhile a stream of mutterings, threats and profanity accompanied the search of the intruder through the few articles the room contained; but the old woman, though her limbs were trembling, kept a defiant front and sought to hasten his departure by a suggestive remark.

"It mought be well ye come when Tim ain't yere. He hev said he won't stan' no more sech."

Whether the thought of Tim had any effect, or he was in haste to be gone for other reasons, Dan made his search hurriedly, and found no booty. Then he surlily demanded food. Hardened wretch though he was, something of mother love stirred in the old woman's heart, and she helped him generously from the

scant supply the house afforded.

"I ain't a gredgin' ye a bite to eat, Dan, no, nor I never would if y'd do no worse nor ask fur that," she said.

But he took thanklessly what she offered, and departed as suddenly as he had come. Long after he had gone Cindy, cautiously reconnoitering, ventured back to the house.

"Oh, Granny!" she panted, breaking into a sob, "did he git it all?"

"He ain't teched one penny on't," said the old woman in grim triumph, as she brushed the ashes from her knitting. "He upsot and rumpidged everywhers, but he never s'picioned why I was too flustered to pick up my knittin'."

With the same show of outward composure Granny set about preparing the evening meal, but secretly she kept an anxious watch for Tims coming. If only he had made the sale neither Cindy nor the hardwon treasure should bide longer than daylight in so perilous a place.

The slow step and heavy face told nothing when he came, but Tim was not averse to communicating what he considered a good stroke of business and waited no longer than to light his pipe.

"Wa-al, I shoved him off. The man he 'lowed he warn't wuth much, but most folks 'lowed he warn't wuth nothin', so bein' this feller reckoned he'd go four dollars onto him, I took it."

Something over seven dollars in all—what a wonderful sum that seemed to Cindy! As it was counted out on the rude table, and she looked from one to the other of the faces bending over it, and remembered how hardly the slow gains had been won, and realized what it might do for these, her heart misgave her.

"You-uns air mighty good ter me, 'Pears like I don't ooght ter hev it," she faltered.

But the old woman answered decisively. "My word war' give ter yer mar'."

That night was a strange one to the mountain girl—its hours of darkness intolerably long, and every familiar sound transformed. The rustling of the wind through the leaves became the tread of a marauder's foot, every lonely bird-call a signal whistle, and such brief sleep as came was full of bewildering dreams. But early morning found the little household astir, for there was a long journey to be taken. Uncle Tim sat on the porch and contentedly watched through the curling smoke from his pipe the two who started down the road on their walk of twenty-eight miles. Their luggage was somewhat cumbersome, for though Cindy's wardrobe made a very small bundle, the lunch they carried consisted chiefly of sweet potatoes, which could be roasted and eaten by the way. It was a provision they viewed with great satisfaction, however, and their appreciation deepened as the long hours of journeying through the crisp air reminded them that their breakfast had been early and meagre. A wild, lonely little dell, with a mountain stream gurgling through it, tempted them at last to stop for their midday meal.

"We've done pow'ful well ter git so fur 'long by this time," said Granny, complacently eyeing the sun to assure herself of the hour, "an I 'low this yer's a good place to stop. Git some sticks for the fire, Cindy, an' we kin rest a watchin' uf the taters roast."

But this pleasant programme was not to be carried out, for, as Cindy bent over the little pile of sticks and leaves she was preparing to light, the old woman's quick ears caught the sound of heavy steps among the leaves, and a rustle of the dry brushes that told of the approach of something or some one. Travelers even on the road were few, and in this secluded nook to which they had turned aside, the prospect of meeting any one was a

surprise.

"Hurry up, can't ye!" exclaimed a rough voice in surly but guarded tones —a voice that made the listener's heart stand still in sudden fear, for it was Dan Sloan's.

Had he seen them? To whom was he speaking? The old woman's face grew ashen in its pallor at the thought of both Cindy and the money exposed to his rapacity in that lonely spot. Swiftly, noiselessly, she sprang to the girl's side, laid a warning hand over her mouth, and drew her quickly back among the sheltering bushes. They had barely time to conceal themselves before Cindy's father and companion with a face even more marked by dissipation than his, came from the upper side of the little brook and paused where Cindy had stood. A minute later a fire would have betrayed the presence of its former occupants, but the little heap of dry leaves passed unnoticed.

The minutes seemed like hours to the old woman and girl who scarcely dared breathe, lest they should be discovered. The men drank from the stream and then sat down beside it to discuss some project over which they evidently disagreed. They talked in low tones for the greater part, and only an occasional angry word reached the unwilling listeners. Presently Dan slowly rose to his feet.

"'Tain't no use a settin' here all day," he said, as if in sullen yielding to the other's plan. "Come on, an' I'll help if yer bound ter—" He turned as he spoke and the remainder of the sentence was inaudible.

Long after the retreating steps had died away, the women still crouched in the thicket not daring to move, and when at last they ventured forth, they paused for no dinner, but avoiding the roads hastened on their way as rapidly as their stiffened limbs would allow. A toilsome and lonely journey it was for the most part, though there were occasional pauses at friendly cabins and they spent one night on the way. Evening had fallen when they reached their destination and drew near to the pleasant building with its prettily kept grounds. The brightly-lighted windows revealed rooms that, plain as they might appear to more cultured eyes, were like paradise to Cindy. She caught a glimpse of happy-faced pupils, heard the sweet voice of a teacher, and then the notes of a piano rang out, and many voices joined in a song. The poor girl drew back abashed.

"Tain't no use, Granny. Sech as them won't look at we uns. I can't never git thar," she whispered.

But the vision had a different effect upon Granny. She suddenly comprehended as never before some of the things that Cindy's mother might have known, might have craved for her child. She shook the restraining hand almost fiercely from her arm, and sounded a summons on the door that brought a speedy answer. They were ushered into the glow of the lights—the loyal-hearted old woman and the hungry-eyed girl—and told very simply their story of hope, sacrifice, and need.

It was hard to hear it and read the far longer story of hardship and poverty that they did not tell—to look at them so travel-worn, poor and eager, and tell them what the teacher must at last—that it was all in vain, there was no room.

The old woman gazed blankly into the pitying face before her, then out into the gathering darkness of the night. She fingered nervously the little bag of money that she had thought would be such an irresistible lever—how could it be powerless!

"Why, we uns have got more'n seven dollars! Ef ye could manage it any ways put her anywhars, Cindy ain't partic'lar," she urged.

The teacher sadly shook her head.

"I am so sorry—so sorry! But we are already greatly overcrowded. You must stay and rest to-night. I wish I could do something more!"

But by morning a score of bright-faced girls had undertaken the problem. They could crowd a *little* more.

They could take turns at the tables; some of them would sleep onthe floor. "Only let Cindy stay." And she stayed.

"I am so glad!" said a young lady friend of the teachers, a visitor at the school for the day. "I could not bear to have her turned away when she had tried so hard, and needs the school so badly!"

"But I am thinking of the next one—and she will be sure to come—just as poor, just as needy, and I *cannot* take her," said the teacher with tearful eyes. "Oh, if those who could help only knew!"

Granny had accomplished her mission and sturdily turned her steps homeward. Far up on a slope, where she could catch a last glimpse of the school, she turned and looked back at it. She had given the one bit of brightness out of her home, she was going back to loneliness, toil and want, but she thought of none of these things. The wrinkled face under the rim of grey hair was glorified as she murmured,

"Cindy hev got her chance!"

If the picture of her as she stood there, old and alone, on the desolate hillside, could be flashed into our luxurious homes, would it not stand out in strange contrast? Would not some of our girls, into whose white hands all treasures are lavishly poured, be moved to spare from their abundance enough to give some other girl a "chance."

[Leaflet, Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions of the Presbyterian church.]

OUR FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS.

PRAIRIE BLUFF.

THE school at Prairie Bluff has opened with nearly 100 pupils, although it is the busy cotton-picking season. Christianita Totten has been sent as sewing teacher, and Lucy Cosby to assist Mr. Oliver in the school work. The Gillespie memorial building is going up rapidly under the supervision of the foreman of the Knoxville mechanical department. The work is all being done by colored men. The Women's Board is negotiating for 640 acres of land, a new feature of the work about to be introduced in this station, which, I have no doubt, the church will watch with interest.

KNOXVILLE.

Our school does not open till the first of October. The summer vacation has been a very pleasant one. We are obliged to keep the boarding department open during the summer, as some of our students live so far away that they cannot afford to go home and return each year, and it is impossible to find another suitable place for them. Our family consists of two sisters from Texas, one girl from the West Indies, one from Alabama, one from Virginia, two sisters and a brother, motherless children from St. Louis, one boy and one girl who have no home and a young man from Michigan, who takes care of the yard and the stock for his board next year. Miss Cora Rutherford has charge of the family, the work being done by the boarders as in term time. We have not been idle, as we have put up 1288 quarts of fruit, besides 95 gal. of apple butter.

Our hearts have been made glad by the conversion of one of our old students.

His wife attended the Bible-school, and on returning home erected the family altar. As she was telling us about his accepting Christ, she said: "Words cannot tell how glad I feel, for he has taken such a strong stand for the right." Word has just reached us of the conversion of another young man for whom students and teachers have long been praying, as we all felt that he would be a power either for good or for evil.

MILLERS FERRY.

Owing to the loss of our building we can give no report of school work. The religious services are confined altogether to Sabbath day. The Baptist church, which is kindly placed at our disposal, except on each first Sabbath, is small, poorly lighted, and its seats are so rickety, that it is no unusual thing to see the occupants of a bench suddenly sitting on the floor.

The Sabbath-school has been keeping up fairly well, but owing to our crowded condition very little progress is perceptible, and this is true of all the departments. Many are still under the impression that "them new P's" are teaching a different Bible from the Baptists. One, who has now become a faithful attendant, said to us a few days ago, "I did'nt think it was right to go to Sabbath-school, but I see you don't teach nothin' but de Bible."

Immediately after Sabbath-school the preaching service begins, to which nearly all the school remains. Accustomed only to noisy, emotional preaching, it is pleasing to see the many who are learning to appreciate a sensible discourse.

The Women's Missionary society meets, for the present, one Sabbath afternoon, in a month. A collection for missions is taken and is usually a neat little sum. The members are expected to be busy during the month gathering others into the Sabbath-school and society, visiting the sick, and attending prayer-meetings. A report of the work done during the month is made at the meeting and we often receive great encouragement from these humble co-laborers, who enjoy the idea of being themselves missionaries. A letter from some of the foreign fields is read from our MAGAZINE during the exercises, and is always listened to with marked interest.

Our Junior Missionary Society meets at 3 p. m., every fourth Sabbath, and has lost none of its enthusiasm. Our young people like to be doing something, and as each one has special work and is permitted to tell of it when his turn comes, there is no little effort made to bring in a good report. For awhile we studied the Freedmen's missions of our church; since then we have learned something of child life in China and discussed methods of home mission work. A few have visited the county jail, carrying flowers with a card containing one of the "exceeding great and precious promises."

The Band of Hope occupies the other Sabbath afternoon in the month advocating temperance in its strictest form. It also looks after the treatment of dumb animals.

We had many plans for earnest work during the vacation, but they have been broken into and the whole work seriously retarded because of the fire.

TILLIE E. JOHNSON.

ATHENS, TENN.

Teachers, Mr. Cook, Mr. G. W. Garrett, Miss Mary V. Byars, Mr. James Cleage; Miss Mary Sherman, sewing teacher.

After three months vacation we feel rested and ready for another year's work. Our school opened with a large number, 102 being enrolled the second day. This is the first year we have had sewing, and we havn't a convenient place to teach it in. Our school building has only five rooms, and a small office or pastor's study, though very inadequate,

has been taken for a sewing room. More room is much needed. Our church services are arranged as they were last year—Band of Hope in the morning, 10:30; Bible school at 11, Sabbath-school at 2 p. m., Young Peoples meeting, 6.30, and preaching at 8 o'clock. Now as we have sewing connected with our work, liberal contributions to this department would be very acceptable. The work in general is progressing, but pray for us that we may continue to progress.

Truly yours, (MRS.) J. L. COOK.

CHASE CITY, VA.

The prospects for this year are unusally good. We have an enrollment of 186, which is an advance over that of this time last year. There are only three in the Industrial Home; yet, but this time a year ago, we had none. The students are seldom ready to enter the Home before the 1st of October, as their parents must dispose of part of their crops before they can furnish the money neccessary. We have heard from several new students who expect to enter the Home soon, and also from others who were here last year. We have introduced the Loyal Sabbath school army plan, as recommended by the Assembly, by which we hope to secure a larger and more regular attendance in the Sabbath-school.

Their is much enthusiasm amongst the students in both the day's school and sabbath-school. We hope that our anticipation may be more than realized this year, as was the case last year.

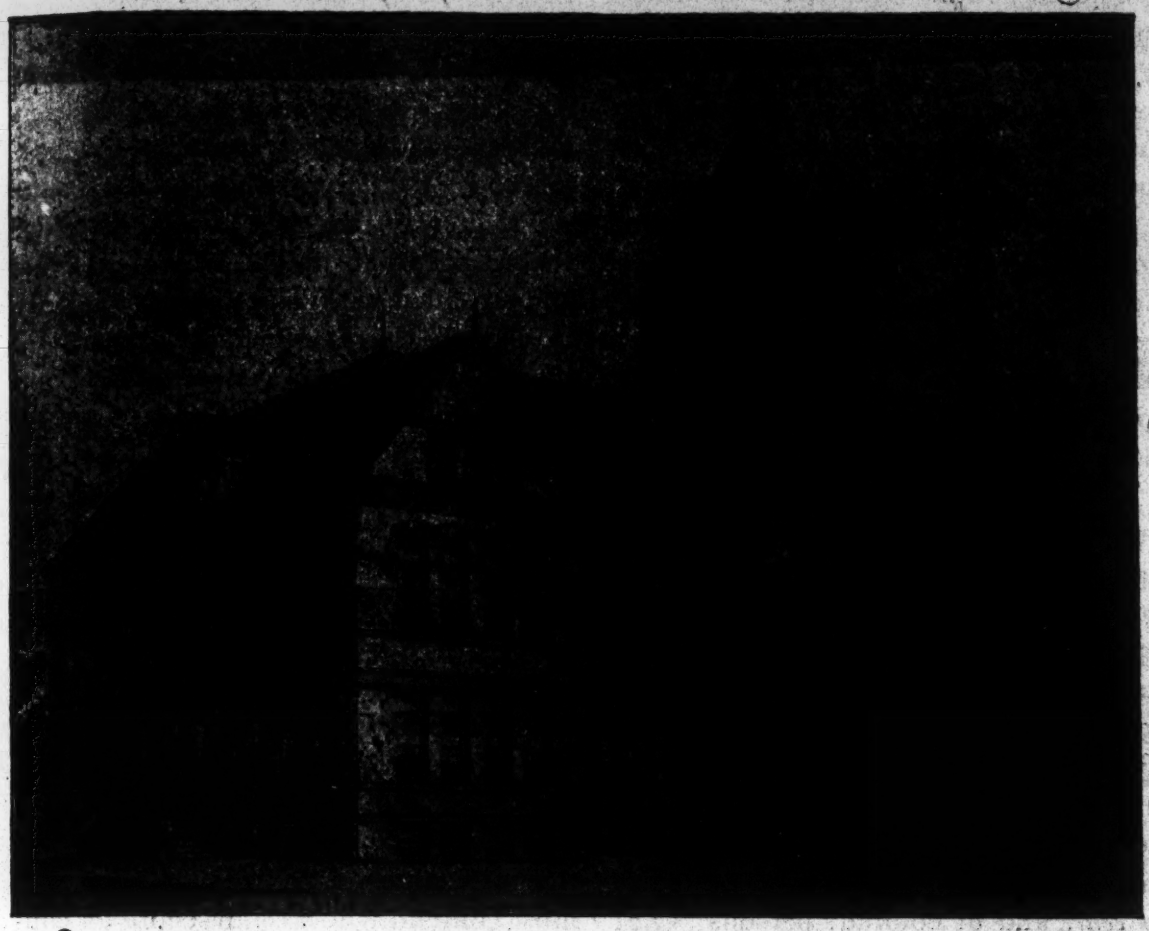
REV. J. M. MOORE, Principal.

HENDERSON, N. C.

The Sabbath services and missionary work have been continued through the summer, except during July. Services were held each Sabbath, at 3 p. m., with an average attendance of about 100. The school work of the fifth year opened September 2, with a fair attendance. Many of those who belong to the higher grades are unable to enter before October on account of work. The crops are better than they have been for several years. At present all hands are busy in the tobacco and corn fields, so that scarcely any of the children from the country are yet in school. But all send word that they are coming as soon as possible. We have applications for rooms in the cottages from many new students. From one community from which we had three students last year we have ten applications for rooms, and many of last year's roomers write that friends are coming with them. As the rooms were all full last year we shall have to refuse those who come late unless we can arrange for them to room in town.

The Baptists are now in the heat of their big meeting, which absorbs the attention and energy of nearly all the colored people in town. Services begin at day break and continue throughout the day and often until after midnight. The old people, the young people and the children attend. We would gladly believe it to be the work of the Spirit, and to hope that many of the people are being led in the way of life. A revival of pure and undefiled religion among the people would be such a blessing as would make all the friends of the race rejoice and praise the Lord. More than civil rights, more than good crops and work and wages, more than schools, they need such a visitation. They all need it. Dear readers, pray that the Lord may send abundant showers of blessing upon the people and upon all the workers among them. It is difficult to discover the evidences of a divine work in the orgies which occur night after night; and the results of such "revivals" in the past do not inspire confidence. Meanwhile we hope and pray that out of it all some good may come.

REV. C. L. MCCRACKEN, Principal.



KNOXVILLE COLLEGE.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS AT KNOXVILLE BIBLE SCHOOL.

BY REV. JOSEPH KYLE.

BY virtue of his own ambition to attain to a better, higher, social status, and by the help of friendly agencies, North and South, the negro has made commendable progress in the past quarter of a century. His noble aspirations have been made manifest in such movements as that which called together representatives of, at least, eight states in the Tuskegee conference last winter. In spite of snow and rain and mud, serious obstacles to those even who are accustomed to cold, some five hundred negro farmers, many of them accompanied by their wives, gathered there to discuss questions that have to do with agricultural pursuits. While their husbands talked of these matters, the women, true to their nature, engaged in the consideration of subjects in which they have particular interest. This women's conference, as described by the newspapers that were wide enough awake and sufficiently honest to report it, marks a new era of promise for the home life of the negro, and is the natural outgrowth of the benign influence of the Christian education which Knoxville College and other like institutions are giving to the women of the South.

In addition to these every day matter-of-fact subjects touching the farm and the household, there were educational questions debated by some sixty officers and trustees representing many schools and colleges established for the training

of colored youth. Had the most ardent, enthusiastic abolitionist of a generation ago predicted such a gathering of negro men and women before the century should end, he would have been set down even by his brethren as the wildest of dreamers. The boast of Robert Toombs to call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill monument seemed then more possible of realization than such a project as that which Mr. Booker T. Washington has carried to successful issue.

The last report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education gives many interesting facts as to the schools for colored youth in the South. According to this report there are, in the sixteen Southern States and the District of Columbia, 7,913,656 persons between the ages of five and eighteen years. Of these, 5,322,805 are white and 2,590,851 are colored. Of white persons of school age, there are enrolled in the schools 66.87 *per cent.*, and of colored persons 52.21 *per cent.* In Kentucky and the District of Columbia the percentage of blacks enrolled is greater than that of whites, and in Alabama and Tennessee the colored pupils surpass the white in *per cent.* of attendance.

But in the number of teachers the white schools have a greater advantage. There are twice as many white children of school age as there are colored children, but the teachers provided for white schools are nearly three and one-half times as many as are employed in colored schools.

The report of the Commissioner also says that, "There is a wonderful contrast in the character of the state schools established for the colored children. Many of the schools, especially those in the remote rural districts, are as defective as one could imagine a school to be; but, on the other hand most of those established by the missionary societies are better managed and have a better class of teachers. These teachers have generally been educated in the best Northern schools, and coming as they do from different states, they combine the best methods of different schools.

Frequently, too, they have undertaken the work from philanthropic motives, and are filled with aspirations not only to elevate the intellectual capacity of their pupils, but to implant in them high and ennobling principles, and by means of this training given at school, to elevate the entire race.

This is the testimony of Hon William T. Harris, L. L. D., United States Commissioner of Education. Other testimony is readily accessible in the reports of State Superintendents of Education in the South, in the acts of Legislatures, in proposed changes of constitutional provisions and in the letters of colored teachers, to show the disadvantages and the difficulties with which the negro must contend who would secure an education for his children. And yet withal, there are many instances of triumph nobly, couragously won. Three years ago the highest honors of Boston University were awarded to a colored man who was born of slave parents in Virginia in 1860. Two years ago, a law student of Shaw University, at Raleigh, N. C., as black as night, worked his way through stupendous difficulty to the head of his class of thirty—all others white graduates of the N. C. State University—to receive the unstinted congratulations of his white competitors and of the chief justice of the Supreme Court of the State as well.

These cases are judged by the Commissioner to be worthy of a place in his published report. The N. Y. Independent, a zealous champion of the colored race, in a late issue cites the fact, that the chief orator on commencement day at Alcorn College, Rodney, Miss., was

once a slave to the brother of Jefferson Davis.

But while the success of some ought to stimulate and encourage all, the sorrowful experience of many others, the hopeless victims of race prejudice, serves to prove that the negro will not, for some time to come, reach the goal of his ambition and obtain the crown of knowledge, except through much tribulation. There is a tendency on the part of some of the would be leaders of their race to cry down, as unnecessary and presumptuous interference on the part of Northern churches, all efforts made by them for the betterment of the colored people.

I grant at once the wisdom of the principle that the race must not always be kept in leading strings, that the influences that are to elevate this people must largely have their origin among themselves; but there must be a proper furnishing for this work.

The time has not yet come when this people can make progress without the help and encouragement of their white brethren; and the colored people of the South stand in their own light when they reject such help.

It is an enemy and not a friend who advises a premature attempt at independent effort along this line.

The colored man is bound to be a mighty factor in American school life, but he must make wide preparation. Archimedes cannot move the world without a lever of sufficient length and strength, and a fulcrum sufficiently solid and stable. Longer time than a single generation is required to furnish himself with these appliances and equipments. Booker T. Washington is a grand leader among his people. I would there were many more like him, and many institutions like Tuskegee. But the logical deduction from his case is, *Let Hampton Normal Institute* continue its good work of turning out Booker T. Washingtons. All honor to the managers of Wilberforce and Biddle and every other college under control of the colored men. Let educated negroes be employed everywhere to the best advantage in training their fellowmen, black or white, but let no one encourage the suicidal policy of opposition to schools for colored men and women are nuder the management of white men. Above all let mission sehools and colleges supported by churches north or South be encouraged.

The basis of all right culture, the principle underlying all true education, is made known in the words of inspiration, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom, and the knowledge of the Holy is understanding." More than anything else the colored people, North and South, need a ministry well taught to know, and thoroughly trained to preach and to practice, the fundamental truths of the religion of Jesus Christ.

One industrial feature is becoming very prominent in education among the colored people of the South. The students are trained in many kinds of labor in the shops, on the farm and in the duties that belong to the household. This is a marked feature of the work of Tuskegee, and for some years past has been carried on with increasing success in Knoxville College, and as the interest of the church is aroused and the means secured, it is the purpose of those in charge to enlarge the facilities for such training—for our desire is to fit young men and women for all-round service. The women of the church have this matter at heart and have already taken steps to extend this good work.

The friends of the late Miss C. M. Tucker (A. L. O. E.) propose a most fitting memorial in the shape of a fund of £500 to be expended by the Christian Literature Society in republishing her 87 works for Indian readers.

KNOXVILLE BIBLE SCHOOL.

IN CHICAGO, in the summer of 1894, Miss E. B. Wallace asked of Rev. H. H. Bell the question, "Could we not have something like the Bible School held at Lake Geneva, Wis., at Knoxville College?" As a result of this question, Mr. Bell opened correspondence on the subject with Prof. J. R. Millin as head of the Theological department at the college. With the consent and approval of the Freedmen's Board, and without additional expense to the Board, it was proposed to hold a summer school for the study of the English bible, July 5–25.

Plans were perfected and carried out. The management of the school was under the superintendency of Rev. H. H. Bell, ably assisted by Dr. McCulloch, Prof. R. J. Love and Prof. J. R. Millin, of the Knoxville College faculty, and others as special lecturers.

The "book studies" were Genesis and the Gospel by John, with Rev. H. H. Bell as instructor; Leviticus, Prof. Love; Jeremiah and Haggai, Prof. Millin.

Supplementary to the regular daily work were fifteen evening lectures, some of which were as follows: "Prayer" and "The Holy Spirit," Rev. H. H. Bell; "The Prophecy of Micah and Malachi," Dr. McCulloch; "Mission Work in the Black Belt," Rev. C. H. Johnson, of Miller's Ferry, Ala.; "The Colony Plan," Mr. H. C. Oliver, of Prairie Bluff, Ala.: "Womanhood," Mrs. Jennie Logue Campbell; "The Church and Temperance," Rev. C. H. Johnson, of Athens, Tenn.; "Junior C. U. Work," Rev. W. I. Wishart; "The Freedmen as a Social, Political and Religious Factor in American Civilization." Rev. Joseph Kyle, D. D.; "The Four Gospels, their position in the canon and their relation to each other," Prof. J. R. Millin.

Mr. Frank D. Smith, of Monmouth, Ill., not only conducted the singing at all meetings, but also gave daily instruction in sacred music.

The instruction given in the regular recitations was practical, thorough, systematic, and not beyond the comprehension of the average English student, nor too simple for the benefit of the profoundest classical student. It was a pleasure to see former students meeting and greeting classmates and friends of other days. Many new and pleasant acquaintances were formed. Above all, every one in attendance felt that the Bible School was a "spiritual uplift" to him. Many of us had never before been in attendance upon a series of meetings in which the Triune God, his Word and his Work were magnified as in these meetings. The Spirit indeed was present.

We believe that all who attended will carry into the work of this year deeper and stronger conviction of right and duty and fuller consecration to God and his service than ever before. This is the only school of the kind in the South open to negroes, and its effect for good cannot be estimated.

On the closing day, July 24th, steps were taken towards making the Bible School a permanent feature of our school. The name, "Bible School Association of Knoxville College" was chosen, and a constitution and by-laws adopted for the organization, which should hereafter promote the interests of such a school. It remains with the Executive committee to appoint teachers and lecturers and make all other arrangements for conducting it.

It is hoped that the time for the school next year will be in June, rather than in July, and that the same instructors may be procured.

B. K.

Missionary Correspondence.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

CAIRO, September 9th, 1895.

SOME of you may know that we spent a part of the summer "out of Egypt." Our destination was a village on the west bank of the Clyde, where, with friends who had come from America to meet us, we spent a few weeks most pleasantly, and we feel much benefit also to mind and body.

One thing that delighted our hearts very much was the quiet rest of the Scottish Sabbath. Through the week, every half hour or so, there was a steamer passing or stopping at the pier. But from Saturday night at nine till Monday morning at eight not a paddle broke the stillness of the beautiful water before us. We were told that some time ago a company started to run a steamer every day in the week, but such was the feeling of the people that they would not even patronize it through the week because it ran on Sabbath. Oh, that our Scotch cousins would still hold so firmly to their principles when they leave the "motherland."

We are thankful to be back at work again, and though Egypt does seem a little dustier, and the sun a little stronger after the cool breezes and green fields of Scotland, yet we are glad to be once more at home. Our love for the work and our interest in the people here will soon occupy our mind and heart, so that our visit to Scotland will only remain as another bright spot among the many that have been thrown in our pathway by a kind Father.

The last day of this month is the 30th anniversary of our leaving New York for what seemed to us then the "far-away land of Egypt." Thirty years! What a long time! How many of those we left behind have passed awav! How many of those we first met here have gone to their reward! How much good has been done eternity alone will reveal. In looking over the congregation last Sabbath I saw only three women who were here thirty years ago. There are some others, but they were not present. The first ten years we were not in Cairo but in the Faynon, where we generally go for a day or two every year, and where we always found a warm welcome from both pastor and people. One who was among the first members received there has been for years sorely afflicted with that loathsome disease, leprosy; and what is if possible more sad, the same disease has appeared on four of his ten children.

The three schools for girls in this city opened on the 2nd, and are already fast filling up nicely. A number of villages are asking for teachers for girls' schools, but we cannot supply them. Egyptian parents are not yet willing for their daughters to go from home and teach uuless they can be under the care, or rather in the house, of a missionary, and this cannot always nor even often be done. We have some girls in our boarding schools who we hope will return to the villages as teachers; but our village girls are more apt to marry than to spend their lives teaching. One of our teachers who was married ten years ago, is not very happy in her married life, and advises all teachers to "stick to their post." But we have many instances of happy wives.

The Nile is high and farmers are rejoicing, and fearing lest it rise higher. Unite your prayers with ours that God will pour out His spirit and send us a time of refreshing.

FOREIGN NEWS BUDGET.

By Mrs. Mary B. Reid.

The Egyptian items for our Budget this month have been furnished by Miss Carrie M. Buchananand Mrs. Dr. Ewing. The former writes from Assiout, under date of Sept. 5, as follows:

Here as at home the end of summer calls the teaching force back to their posts of duty, and those engaged in other labor back to their respective work; only there are a few points of difference between here and the charmed country we call "at home," and like the celebrated twelve reasons why the man did not appear at court, some are so important that they ought to be noticed. In the first place work does not always stop when it is supposed to be vacation time and in the second place we do not wait until the end of the summer months to resume the work. Here in Assiout and some of the other stations the workers all come back by the middle of August.

Again it must be noticed that summer neither begins nor ends when it does at home. With a little modification, the words of a gentleman who resided in Canada would be very applicable to the seasons here. When asked about the length of the winters in his part of the country, he replied. "We have nine months of winter, and three months more of cold weather." We can very truthfully say that in this part of Egypt we have nine months of summer and three months of hot weather.

As soon as the overflow of the Nile makes the great heat endurable, the work of the year is taken up with renewed vigor. The beginning of work this year seems to be under the most favorable and encouraging circumstances. The girls' boarding school has a larger attendance than ever before at the beginning of the year. There are so many boarders already that it is difficult to find places for them all to sleep without crowding three or four in one bed. A very encouraging incident took place this week. A wealthy Moslem residing here in Assiout brought his two little daughters to be boarders in the school, and did not say that they should not be taught the gospel. Many Moslems send their daughters as day pupils, but very few are willing to let them board in the school for fear of the hold which christianity may get upon them.

The training college has had a wonderful opening. Every available spot in the dormotories is occupied, and about thirty of the boys have to sleep on the ground in the court, which by the way must be considerably better than sleeping in our crowded rooms. The question comes to us, "What is the meaning of this great interest in the cause of education?" Whatever the answer, there can be no doubt that the training of this great number of boys and girls in our christian schools must have such an effect upon their lives that, by the blessing of God, there will go out by and by a mighty wave of religious influence, which shall sweep away much of the iniquity of this dark land.

The medical work of this place is far from being light. I am sure the heart of Dr. Henry will be rejoiced when the new hospital is really here, and some of his patients can be cared for in a better and easier manner. The hospital plan can no longer be considered a dream; at least it is a dream with so much reality about it that it is pleasant to consider, and it is hoped that sooner or later the full realization may come.

As missionaries we feel that we have much to be thankful for this month. Especially are our hearts filled with gratitude because our own Mrs. Giffen has been restored to health after a most serious illness. Many, many were the prayers which ascended to the great Physician for her recovery, and now there is great rejoicing all over the field that our prayers have been so signally answered. O, that we all had more faith to always lay hold on God in prayer."

Mrs. Ewing writes from Ramleh of the work at Alexandria.

Our girls school closed the last of July, and we have two months vacation. The Moharrem Bay school had an entertainment, which was very much enjoyed by all who attended. The teacher still has a few scholars and she spends two hours each morning with them. One of the pupils from the school is teaching eleven girls in her own home. Four of the girls are from our school, the others are from a Catholic school. She spends the whole day with them. The most of the children would just as soon the schools would continne the whole year through.

Miss McDowell went to Syria for a much needed rest. We are expecting her back in another week. She has been appointed to the Central school, and Rev. McFarland and myself are to have charge of the Moharrem Bey school. Most of the missionaries have returned to their work, but the children are still at Ramleh attending school. There are thirteen of them and they have lively times together.

We came out to Ramleh this week to spend a few days, and enjoy the sea, but the opening of school will soon call us home. All are well at Alexandria.

The items from India have been collected and forwarded by Mrs. G. W. Morrison. We are rejoiced to know that Mrs. Morrison, who was so much out of health in the early summer is again able to look after her household and write us an occasional letter. The following brief note from Mrs. Mary Holliday only speaks of the last week among the Hills:

Dear Friends.—This finds us still on the hills, but the few remaining weeks will soon pass and then each one to his work—some of us to work which we had not chosen perhaps, but we know that He who rules all makes no mistakes. The last week's papers contain no appointments for India. The time is growing short. Is it possible no one is coming to our help? We still hope.

The rains have not been heavy this year, yet enough to assure us crops. Our work is progressing despite the fact that our workers are so few. The health of the missionaries is generally very good. Some of the little ones are not well, but we trust all will be able to go to their work when the weather is suitable.

Miss Rose McCullough writes from Carleton Cottage, Dharmsala, August 26th, 1895:

On the afternoon of August 20th, Misses Ella Gordon, Mary Logan and I left Gujranwalla for Dharmsala, where we arrived on the evening of the 21st and proceeded at once to our respective lodgings, the former with Mrs. Cummings and Auntie Gordon in Eagle's Nest, and your humble servant

with the Misses Wilson in Carleton Cottage. Mrs. Morrison and children spent the day with us on the 23rd. She is much better, but not very strong.

We have not yet seen Miss Holliday and Mrs. Thompson, as it began to rain on the evening of the 23rd, and has rained most of the time ever since. We are one thousand feet higher than they are. Little Mary Holliday is better, but no hope of complete recovery in this country. Mamie Thompson is also ill, but we hope not seriously so. The mother in this country has an anxious time of it, especially when the husband and father has to be on the plains at work and the mother with the sick child in the hills. It is also hard for the poor fathers at such times. The day before leaving Gujranwala I visited a Hindoo Zenana, Radi by name, in the government hospital, and while there met the husband of her second daughter, said daughter not being more than ten years of age, and smaller than the majority of American girls at that age, while the man must be thirty or thirty-five years of age. At first I could not believe it, and when the truth dawned upon me, held up my hands in astonishment and exclaimed, "What kind of people are you!" It seemed so horrible for such a little girl to be married to a man of that age. Radi married her eldest daughter to a man many years her senior and the result is, the girl has neither children nor health. We said so much to her about the injury she had done that daughter I never thought she would do a similar worse thing with her second daughter. Radi is a woman too who reads the Bible for herself and listens understandingly when it is read to her, and since her long illness always asks for something to be read to her from God's Book and for prayer when we visit her. I did hope for better things from her. Her husband died about two years ago and left her penniless. Her neighbors say she has now a good income from her two sons-in-law."

Miss Embleton writes from "Rookwood," Dharmsala, Aug. 24, 1895:

As I sit at the window and look off into foggy space and listen to the patient gentle drip of the rain I realize that this is Dharmsala, and we are up here for our holiday. One might almost imagine there is an immense sponge suspended above us and a monster hand squeezing it most of the time. The water falls with so much ease. But it is delightfully cool if it is wet, and such a novelty to get into warm clothes and draw up to the fire, or cover up with lots of blankets at night.

Nearly all of our members have left the plains now for needed rest and recuperation, and a goodly portion of us are in this station this year. Our own household at "Rookwood" is composed of the Andersons, Dr. and Miss Martin, Miss Lawrence and myself. The three houses on the hill a short distance above us are full, so we are somewhat prepared to bid defiance to the rain and have a pleasant time together. It is not often so many of us are together, and we hope to make the most of our opportunity and be helped socially, mentally and spiritually by our intercourse one with another.

We are all waiting anxiously to hear who are coming out this fall to our help. It seems a long time sometimes, and we almost falter when we see so many being laid aside, so much that we absolutely cannot do, and no one sent to fill the vacancies, and we wonder if the friends at home have forgotten us and our work, or if they don't care, or if there are no physically strong people in our church any more; or what is the matter anyway. We have been pleading for help so long. I think we all dread our annual meeting this fall, for there is so much work that we feel must be provided for and so pitifully few laborers.

Surely, dear friends, you do not realize the responsibility that rests upon our church, for it is your work just as much as ours, else more men and women could be found who are able and willing to come."

By the time this issue of the MAGAZINE reaches its readers, the missionary party, which sailed from New York, Saturday, Oct. 26, will be far on its way across the Atlantic. The good ship Furnessia, of the Anchor line, upon which our friends embarked, though not one of the fast steamships, is large and most comfortable in every respect. The present out-going company of missionaries is one of the large parties, numbering sixteen adults and three or four children. The names are as follows:

Rev. A. B. Caldwell and wife, Rev. David R. Gordon and wife, Rev. H. J. Kyle and wife, Rev. J. A. McConnelee wife and child, Rev. J. W. Ballantine and wife, Miss Kate Corbett, Miss Sallie E. Dickey, Miss Fannie C. Martin, all for India; Rev. Ralph E. Carson and Miss Adelle McMillan for Egypt.

The lamentations of our India friends should be turned into expressions of great joy over the large reinforcement of new missionaries they are getting this year.

We are pleased to confide to the readers of the MAGAZINE the open secret that the five unmarried ladies go out under the support of the Women's Board; all traveling and other expenses are also provided by this Board, which could not have been done without the generous contributions of missionary societies. We are glad to report that two of the salaries are pledged, Xenia Presbyterial having assumed the support of Miss Sallie E. Dickey, and the Y. P. C. U. Conemaugh Pres,, is pledged for Miss Fannie Martin's salary.

One pleasant feature of the Xenia Presbyterial pledge, we believe, is that an effort is to be made to keep up all former work. This is as it should be. When any society in taking up special object work withdraws its contributions from all other objects, some departments of work are sure to suffer, and no real advance is made in the great work of evangelizing the world.

JUNIOR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

MRS. N. WYLIE STEVENSON, GENERAL SECRETARY, 161 LOCUST STREET, ALLEGHENY, PA.

Our Freedmen.

By Rev. J. M. Fulton, D. D.

LESSON 2.

Q. What did the slaves do when they were made free?

A. They flocked to the towns and cities where the Union soldiers were.

Q. What was their condition when made free?

A. They had no homes, no food, no clothing, no money, and no place to go.

Q. What did they think freedom meant?

A. Many thought it meant freedom from labor, and liberty to do as they pleased.

Q. What was their mental condition?

A. But few of them could either read or write and had little knowledge of the world about them.

Q. What was their moral condition?

A. They were not careful about the rights of others. Lying and stealing and swearing, with other sins, were very common among them.

Q. What was their religious condition?

A. They professed much but did not live in harmony with their profession. Their life and religion had but little connection.

Q. What was the Freedmen's bureau?

A. It was a department of the government established to take care of the helpless freedmen.

Q. How did the Freedmen's bureau do this?

A. They gave the colored people food, clothing, and furnished them seeds to plant, protected them in their rights, cared for the aged and the sick.

Q. What else did the Freedmen's bureau do for them?

A. They established day schools for the children and night schools for grown people.

Q. How much money was spent by the Freedmen's bureau in preparing the colored people for freedom?

A. They spent nearly fifteen million dollars ($15,000,000).

Q. Is their a Freedmen's bureau now?

A. No. Public schools were established in all the Southern states for the colored people. These schools were very poor, but are doing better work year after year.

Q. What other source of help do the colored people have besides their own efforts?

A. Individuals and Churches of the North built colleges and schools in the most needy places and furnished them with the best teachers.

LESSON 3.

Q. Why should we help the freedmen?

A. Because we did them a great wrong by keeping them in slavery.

Q. What harm did we do them?

A. We robbed them of wages and wealth. We robbed them of education and religion.

Q. How can we undo that wrong?

A. We can ask God to forgive us for our great sin and give of our means and labor to help them make the most of life.

Q. How is the United Presbyterian church helping the freedmen?

A. Through our Board of Freedmen's Missions.

Q. Of whom is the Freedmen's Board composed?

A. It is composed of nine men, ministers and laymen of the United Presbyterian church.

Q. Where is the Freedmen's Board located?

A. The Freedmen's Board is located in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q. Who is the corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Board?

A. Rev. Dr. J, W. Witherspoon, of Allegheny, Pa. He has special charge of the whole work.

Q. Who is the treasurer of the Freedmen's Board?

A. Mr. H. J. Murdock, Pittsburgh.

Q. What work have we undertaken through the Freedmen's Board?

A. We have established eight centers of work—Knoxville and Athens, Tenn.; Chase City, Bluestone and Norfolk, Va.; Miller's Ferry and Prairie Bluff, Ala., and Henderson, N. C.

Q. What is done for the colored people in these places?

A. Day schools and Sabbath-schools are taught and other religious services are held.

Q. What other board of our church helps the colored people?

A. The Women's Board, under the care of the Women's General Missionary Society.

Q. What part of the work is done by the Women's Board?

A. They employ Bible readers, industrial teachers, establish homes for children, etc., etc.

Q. Where is the Women's Board doing this work for the freedmen?

A. They have industrial departments at Knoxville, Chase City, Norfolk, Miller's Ferry and Henderson, and a home each for little boys and girls at Knoxville.

Q. Who is the secretary for freedmen's work for the Women's Board?

A. Dr. C. Jane Vincent, Allegheny.

NORFOLK, VA.

I have been asked to write something about the freedmen's work. What shall it be?

Much has been told and retold of this work. I have nothing new to offer. For two years I have been engaged in the work at Norfolk; the first year as Bible reader and last year as teacher in the school. As it seems to me, the only hope is in teaching the young. The old are very hard to influence, but the young are ready to accept what their teachers say; in many cases to a degree which is pitiful.

When a child comes to us to ask if something is true that has been told him by a parent, it is a delicate matter to tell that child that it is not, as must sometimes be done.

Our young people who have refined homes and parents ready, and more than willing, to help them can have but little idea of what many of the pupils in our missions must contend with. What would you think of going to school without breakfast, and then have only a pickle or a stick of candy for lunch? Last spring one of my girls, who had been doing poor class work for some days, was kept in after school hours to prepare her geography lesson. When I had called for the lesson two or three times and it was not prepared, I said, "You must recite this before you go home." The child burst into tears and said "Oh, I cannot learn it, I am so hungry, I have had nothing to eat to-day." She was sent home to get something to eat, and I resolved to be more careful in my treatment of those less fortunate them myself. Poor Maggie had learned in a very practical way that the brain is influenced by the stomach.

You who have always had nice books and have been taught to think would laugh to hear a boy ask if a hill is not like a church steeple. Yet all that the young among the colored people need is a chance to gain knowledge, and an opportunity to use their acquired knowledge, and in time they will "solve the race problem." Much is being done to lift them up, but still more is being done to keep them down.

We hope that the young of the white

race will learn the lesson which the old have not learned that character and not color fits or unfits a person for occupying desirable positions in "free America."

MERCY BANDS IN THE NORFOLK MISSION COLLEGE.

Should you visit our school you might notice some of our boys and girls wearing badges in the shape of a star and bearing the words, "Band of Mercy." Yes, we have Mercy Bands in every room in our school. Each teacher is president of her band and all the pupils are present at the meetings, although all did not subscribe to the pledge. The meetings are held during school hours, so that everyone receives the benefit of the lesson.

Last winter the vice president of the Massachusetts Humane Society visited us and gave us a very interesting and instructive talk. He told an incident which happened while he was in Norfolk. While he was here, the weather was cold, and one morning the streets were very slippery. As he was passing along the street, his attention was drawn to a driver who was whipping his horses, trying in that way to make them draw a heavy load over an icy place. The horses slipped again and again, yet the driver kept whipping them. The horses were doing the best they could with smooth shoes. Who knows how many similar cases occurred on that day, all due to ignorance? Through the kindness of the Massachusetts society, each teacher in our school is to be supplied with literature for a year.

The children take great interest in the stories, and the lessons are not lost. In visiting among the parents, different ones have said that they were glad we had the Mercy Bands, for the animals at home were receiving better treatment. In April we had a lesson on "kindness to Cattle," and at the close of school in May the children were required to write a short composition on, "Why we should be kind to Cattle," as a part of their language examination. One boy wrote the following:

"In Genesis it says, 'God made the cattle,' In Psalms it says, 'God made the grass to grow for the cattle.' Therefore we should be kind to the cattle."

One day at the noon recess, some of the children found a frog in the gutter and fastened a string to it; then gave chase to the girls. Some of the boys and girls remembered, for they said "Oh, those boys have tied up a frog and they belong to the Mercy Band."

We do not know what the fruits of these lessons on kindness to animals may be, but they are, at least, making our pupils more thoughtful in regard to the treatment of one part of God's Creation.

MABEL GRAY WILEY.

MEMORIAL BUILDING AT PRAIRIE BLUFF ALABAMA.

Just one year ago this month the fol lowing notice appeared in the columns of the Women's Missionary MAGAZINE.

WANTED.

From our Junior Missionary Societies One Thousand Dollars ($1000) for a School Building at Prairie Bluff, Ala.

This was signed by Jennie H. Gillespie, general secretary of Junior Missionary work. In less than three months afterwards Mrs. Gillespie was called to receive the welcome, "Well done."

Although God calls the workers home, his work goes on, his plans are all fulfilled. We are the instruments in His hands by which this work must be carried on to completion. Will we do it? Yes; I believe all that is necessary is to know how much more money is needed. Here are the figures as they now stand: Amount contributed by the Junior mis-

sionary societies, $524; by the Junior Unions and Endeavor societies, $50; by the Women's Missionary Society, $144. These amounts have been contributed by about seventy-five societies. Amount necessary to finish, $500.

The building is now under roof and will be completed before the first of January. It is built on the cottage plan, viz, one story, with a small tower, which will give the building a better appearance and serve for a bell as well.

There will be five school rooms—two 25x31 feet, the others 16x24. In the old building, one hundred and forty or fifty pupils were crowded into a room capable of accommodating seventy or eighty. In the new one, the school will be divided, or graded, into primary, intermediate and grammer, which will enable both teacher and scholar to obtain better results. As has been well said, in the erection of this building you are making it possible for these children to become honest, industrious, Christian men and women. To show the intense desire of these people for an education, have some one read, at your society, the story of Holbert Wright in the June number of the MAGAZINE.

As this building has been given to the Juniors as their special work, will not all take hold of it with willing hearts and helping hands? We feel sure our Juniors do not want to have the credit of erecting this school-house unless they raise the money to pay for it. Let us have a contribution from every Junior society in the church, and we will soon have the necessary amount.

MRS. N. WYLIE STEVENSON,
Allegheny, Pa. Junior Secretary.

EDITORIAL.

November—Thanksgiving.

From David learn to give thanks in everything. Every furrow in the Book of Psalms is sown with seeds of thanksgiving.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Be careful for nothing but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.—*Phil.* 4:6.

Thankfulness—Let this be our first and last word this month of special thanksgiving. It is one thing each of us can do—not for one month only but for all the year, express our gratitude to God for his great mercy and loving kindness in that the lives of our missionaries have been spared and the uncommon opportunity has been given for large reenforcement to our foreign work.

IN the Second United Presbyterian church, Xenia, Ohio, Tuesday eve, Oct. 15th, 1895, under the protecting folds of "Old Glory" and the flag of India, flanked on either side by bright autumn leaves, and with plants of the tropics in front, eight young men and women—husbands and wives—looked into the earnest faces of a great audience with mingled words of greeting and farewell. Both speakers and hearers came together to help fulfill the great command of the ascending Lord, "Go, teach all nations." In the exercises, the Xenia Theological Seminary, of which the four outgoing missionaries are graduates, was represented by the faculty and one of the students; the Xenia congregations by the pastors of the three churches; Home Missions by Dr. Vincent, of Detroit, and both Foreign and Home by the missionaries elect, three of whom have been pastors in our own country. One who goes realizes the Bible saying, "Instead of the fathers thou shalt take the children," being the son of our first missionary to India; two others are married to two cousins closely related to the ministry of our church; while still another already has kindred

in the Egyptian mission. Breadth of vision, originality of thought, earnestness of purpose, and devotion of spirit, characterized the addresses of the evening; and the sympathy of the community was shown by the attendance and attention. As Mr. and Mrs. McConnellee, Mr. and Mrs. Kyle, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and Mr. and Mrs. Ballantine leave the shores of their native land may they be upheld by the wings of faith and prayer; may the winds be prosperous and the waves placid till they reach the desired haven; and may they come to brethren in foreign lands "in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

A note from Miss Anna Y. Thompson, of Cairo, Egypt, referring to Rev. and Mrs. David Strang, says: "They have much to comfort them in Herman's death." From early childhood Herman Strang was a sweet and lovely character. As he advanced in years he advanced in the divine life and was an earnest christian worker. Friends saw that he was ripening—now they know that it was for heaven. Patient and uncomplaining he preached a sermon in his sickness. To parents, sisters, friends, and the world, there is loss; to Herman, the brother gone on before, and heaven, there is gain.

Inquiries are frequently made as to the needs or wants of the Warm Springs Indians. We learn that coarse warm yarn and needles for the old women will be a boon to them. Nearly all of them knit, and they need stockings most of all. Supplies for the sick are always gladly received and very much needed.

In the triumphant advance of the gospel in the harvest field of the world, a point is being reached where there is no such distinction as Foreign and Home work. The church universal has for its parish the world, and if any one doubts it let him consider the fact that the Freedmen's number of the missionary Magazine is of special interest to our workers in Egypt and India; while in the Black Belt of the South missionary societies are being organized to help send the gospel to these foreign lands. "One is your Master, Christ; and all ye are brethren."

It will be remembered that the statement was make last month that the supply last year of boxes of clothing to our freedmen's missions fell far short of the demand. There are many destitute in these missions and there is likely to be much suffering among them this winter. In sending clothing remember to send warm clothing for winter months. Do not send ragged and too much worn apparel. Second-hand clothing is expected, but let it be clean and whole. See to it that freight charges are paid, otherwise this expense must be met by the missionary. If you desire your gift acknowledged, besides notifying the principal at the station, send a duplicate report to Dr. C. Jane Vincent, Freedmen Secretary, 71 Arch street, Allegheny, Pa.

Directions for Sending Contributions to Freedmen's Missions.

For Home for Little Boys and Girls, Knoxville, Tenn., Rev. J. S. McCullough, Knoxville, Tenn.

Athens, Tenn., Rev. J. L. Cook.

Miller's Ferry, Ala., Rev. C. H. Johnson, Wilcox county, via Center Bend.

Henderson, N. C., Rev. C. L. McCracken.

Chase City, Va., Rev. J. M. Moore.

Bluestone, Va., Rev. J. M. Moore, for Bluestone.

You will observe that Norfolk, Va., is omitted. This is at the request of the principal, the people at this station not being as needy as many others.

The monthly statement of the Board of Foreign missions for October is a remarkable one. The correspondence from India is burdened with the great need of re-enforcements and earnest prayerful pleadings that the church at home may call to mind her responsibility.

On the same page we read the answer to the prayers that have ascended to God for help in this crisis, in the announcement of eleven men and women under appointment and ready to sail for India.

We think Miss Dickey will be a valuable accession to the force in India. Thus the Keystone and Buckeye states gladly join hands in the great enterprise of missions.

The Allegheny Seminary Training School for Christian Workers.

An attractive prospectus of this institution came to us last month just after we had gone to press.

In pursuance of the request of the Women's General Missionary Society, a school has been opened in connection with Allegheny seminary, for the accommodation of those who desire to prepare themselves for Christian work at home or abroad.

The departments of the seminary accessible to such are as follows: systematic Theology, Pastoral Theology, including methods of work; sacred Rhetoric, Old Testament Literature, New Testament Literature and Church History.

Recitations and a full lecture course afford ample opportunity for progress on the part of students.

Some have asserted recently that the study of the Bible is neglected more than formerly. Such schools springing up over the country, four in our own church within the year, are a strong refutation of such a statement.

"Weeping may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning."

Although the MAGAZINE is interested in every missionary sent out by our boards, it may be pardoned for a special interest in the out going party, four of whom were brought up in Greene Co., O., while a fifth belongs to Xenia Presbyterial society by adoption—Miss Sallie E. Dickey, of Baxter, Pa.

New Missionary Society.

HAVING just organized a missionary society in our little congregation, we feel that the MAGAZINE will be of great aid to us in carrying on our work. Eight of our members now desire it and we hope that soon all may realize its value. MRS. JNO. FERGUSON.

Brighton, Iowa.

If leaders of all Junior organizations will study the Junior Methods for Leader's Scrap Book, given each week on the Junior page of the Christian *Herald*, they will be found helpful and useful. These were presented at the Institute at Columbus by Mrs. M. C. Porter.

TEARS spring to eyes aot used to weeping when the care of the poor unfortunates in our benevolent institutions is brought to view. Next to our home life nothing perhaps more impresses the heathen or Mohammedan visitor to our shores than the homes provided by the nation for its soldiers and soldiers' orphans, and the liberal provision made by the state for those afflicted in mind or body. It was the privilege of the writer recently to observe for a little the instructors and inmates of a home for the feeble-minded, who were out for a holiday. Apparently all the talent of modern surgery had been brought to the task of enabling the blind to see and the lame to walk. In a few cases rolling chairs were

necessary, while one half-grown, happy-faced boy was carried by his teacher. The mental training was apparent in the recitations rendered, and perhaps more still by the sweet music of the band, which was composed of inmates of the institution and led by an energetic young lady teacher. To take these wrecks of humanity and give them better physical ears than they could possibly have in their own homes and to train them thro' tedious processes to high, pure thought is Godliness. There is much in our beloved country that we would have different, but there is certainly hope for a nation that catches in such a large measure the spirit of Christian ministry.

"We are not sent into this world to get on, but to get up—nearer and more like God."

It kindles anew one's patriotism and begets an affection akin to that of a child for a parent to look on the life-saving service of our country. The life-guard patrols the coast at appointed times, faithfully, quietly, almost unnoticed by the many with whom he comes in touch as they are bent on their business or pleasure, and they heed not his presence; but when a cry of danger arises he flies to the rescue. So God's angels "encamp about to guard and rescue them that fear the Lord." We must believe this if we believe God's word, and yet how seldom do we think of their care over our daily lives.

From letters and words of cheer received during the month we reproduce some words of encouragement, which should prove helpful and act as a stimulus not only to the committee but to every one who works in any capacity or prays for the MAGAZINE:

"The annual meeting of Lake Presbyterial Women's Missionary Society met last week, and you will see by the programme, which I enclose, that we had a discussion on the "Value and use of missionary literature." I wish you could have been here to have heard all the good things they said about '*Our* Missionary MAGAZINE.' They are depending on it more and more, so that the successful work of our societies depends on a very general circulation of its copies. This we are trying to do, and our literary secretary urges it every year. I think you have great cause for encouragement in the great esteem in which your continued work and efforts as a committee, in furthering the arrangement of helpful and timely articles for each month's magazine, are held. Our committee on resolutions also reported the feeling of our society in one resolution. 'I send this for your encouragement, and hope you will never grow weary in your arduous labors of love for want of due appreciation or our expression of it. The MAGAZINE's influence is greater than you imagine.

Yours in much love,

LUELLA C. DORMAN.

Cochranton, Pa., Oct. 17, 1895.

As Mrs. Watson, of Cairo, Egypt, has told a few things in a private letter that our women will be interested in, we reproduce them:

"It is hard to have our boys away from us, but the Lord has been kind to them in giving them good health and kind friends, so that our absence from them has not been as hard on them as it would have been had they been differently situated.

We are taking a few weeks of change here, near the sea. We came the first week of September, after Dr. Harvey and some of the native workers returned to Cairo after their vacation. The change here is so decided that we are enjoying it immensely—the cool, fresh sea-breeze, pleasant shade-trees before the door to break the glare, and the quiet is so very restful.

We had a pleasant visit from Rev. Moosa and wife, who are also taking a little vacation, their first since coming to Egypt. Mrs. Moosa is finding the heat of Souhag very trying. Their house is poor, with mud floors, and cooking in an

open fire-place from which the smoke flies about in all directions, and that with the heat and dust is disagreeable, to say the least. She is much liked among the women, and goes about among them with her Testament a great deal. She says the women come out well to the services, sometimes as many as eighty being present at the meetings. But just latety the Coptic priests have been going about threatening thewomen with their curses if they go to the Protestant meetings, and there has been a falling off, but I hope it will only be temporary.

Mrs. Ewing took me a few days ago to call on the Khediviah on her retun from Constantinople. She was (as is now the case with nearly all the hareem ladies) dressed in the latest Parisian style, most elegantly and becomingly, with plenty of diamonds flashing with every movement of her head and hands. She is rather fine-looking, fair, with golden hair and good features, about 27 years of age, older than the Khedive. The usual tiny cup of coffee was presented to each visitor after the salutation, and the Khediviah, in a very vivacious manner talked to the guests in Arabic or Turkish. Some of the ladies knew neither of these languages, and so could not enter into conversation. The Khediviah's-mother knows French and English, and thus can entertain all classes of visitors. The Khediviah seems very proud of her little baby girl and ordered one of the attendants to bring her photo to show to her guests.

Mr. Giffin and family are expected in Cairo this week. I trust the change they have all had will do them good. They were needing the change very much. Affectionately,

MARGARET WATSON."

From the Orontes Valley.

Before coming to this Oriental land I read "The Women's Missionary Magazine" with deepest interest. How great the blessings to me by reading it in my childhood and how effectively the Lord may use me in His service as a result may never be known, but my prayer is that God may continue His blessings upon it and all such "beacons of light."

Providence has led me in His own way from the United Presbyterian church at Warrensburg, Mo. to this historical Orontes Valley near the foot of old Mt. Cassius. It is almost three years now since my husband, a minister and missionary from the Reformed Presbyterian church and I began our work in Suadea. We love our people here and hope to spend our lives among them in labor for the lost.

Enclosed please find one dollar and twenty cents ($1.20) for two years sub scription for "The Women's Missionary Magazine." It will be like meeting and old friend to receive it again.

Most prayerfully,

MYRTA M. HAZLETT DODDS.

Your sister in Christ,

Suadea, Syria, September 14th. 95.
P. O. *Latakia* Syria.

PROGRAMME FOR DECEMBER.

SUBJECT—The Gospel in all lands.

Exercises opened by singing psalm 97, No. 133, vs. 4, 5 and 6.

The Gospel in { Pagan / Mohammedan / Papal / Christian } lands.

A—Bible reading on "Gospel in Pagan lands of lands." Prayer for lands of False Prophet.

B—Paper on "Gospel in Mohammedan lands. Psalm 74, No. 103, vs. 4 and 5.

C—Conversation by two or three persons on "Gospel in Papal lands." Psalm 80, No. 2, 1st verse.

D—Symposium—Extracts from literature on "Gospel in Christian lands." Close singing Psalm 21, No. 24, vs. 1, 2, 3.

No exercise to be more than six minutes.

REPORTS AND MISCELLANY.

Report Women's Board for October.

Regular monthly meeting was held Oct. 1st. The usual opening exercises were observed.

The Treasurer's report was heard first.

September receipts, $5,606.24.

September disb.....$7,378.16.

The bond of the Treasurer of the MAGAZINE was received and approved.

Home Secretary reports from Miss Curry, of California. Miss Blair, of Moline, Ill., has made 99 calls during the month, organized a mission band and a benevolent society. Mrs. Nichols, of Seattle, Wash., has made 145 calls during the month.

Church Extension Secretary reports of parsonages completed and those under way. The parsonage at Oakland, Cal., is reported finished. Several applications for assistance in building.

The Literature Committee was instructed to send out a circular letter and leaflets in regard to sysetematic giving, and Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter to prepare a Bible reading on tithe-giving, to be sent out with this letter and leaflet.

Foreign Sec'y reports arrangements completed for the sailing of Miss Martin. She will go with the missionary party in October. A farewell meeting will be held for the missionaries in this vicinity.

The Freedmen's Secretary has not quite completed the purchase of the property under consideration for the agricultural training work in care of the women of our church.

Junior Secretary was authorized to publish Dr. Fulton's lessons on Freedmen in booklet form, and to prepare and distribute a leaflet on organization.

The price of the "Mission Band Helper," has been reduced to 40 cents.

Was also authorized to make a further appeal for funds to complete the memorial building and to state the amount necessary to do so. Adjourned to meet in November.

MRS. MARY W. PORTER, Sec'y.

Treasurer's Report.

Receipts for the month of September, 1895.

Foreign.—Illinois Southern Pres., 8; Uniontown, 10; Northwood M. Band, 6; Scotch Ridge, 5; Sugar Run, 10; Kenton, 11.38; Cherry Fork, 12; Shelocta, 12; West Union Conemaugh Pres., 7.50; Little York, 16; Emsworth, 5; 6th Allegheny Y. L. M. S., 10; Blanchard, 5; College Springs Y. W. M. S., 5; Richmond, Kan., Willing Workers, 5; Americus, 4; Oak Grove, Beaver Valley Pres., 8.86; Mt. Jackson, 10; Neshannock, 12.75; Wurtemburg, 5; Rocky Spring, 10.

Foreign Specials.—Ireton, Ia., Bible reader in Gurdaspur India, 36; Greeley, Colo., Y. P. S. C. E. pupil Sialkot, 6.25; 8th Philadelphia, 25; 2nd Philadelphia, 20; and 9th Philadelphia, 10; all for native Zenana work in Egypt and India, Avalon Junior M. Soc., for Egyptian boy, 10; Westmoreland Pres., for Medical Journals for Dr. Johnston, 13.50.

Foreign Salaries.—Miss Fulton, Illinois Southern Pres., 100; Miss Lawrence, Colorado Pres., 43; Arkansas Valley Pres., 57.50; Miss ——, College Springs Pres., 51; Miss Spencer, Princeton, C. End Soc., 45; Miss Campbell, Monmouth Pres., 70; Miss Martin, Mansfield Pres., 46.25; Miss Logan, Allegheny Pres., 125; Miss Hogg, 2nd Allegheny Y. P. M. S., 75; 2nd Allegheny W. M. S. 25; Dr. Johnson, Westmoreland Pres., 21.94; Miss Smith, Garnett Pres., 19.

Medical Work, India.—Monongahela Presbyterial society, Memorial Bed Jhelum to the memory of Miss Annie Reid, 600; 10th Allegheny: Sialkot, 5.

Home and Salary.—Illinois Southern Pres., 15; Uniontown, 10; Greeley. Colo.. Y. P. S. C. E., 5; 33rd St. Pittsburgh interest on loan, 44; Northwood. M. Band, 6; Huntsville, 15; Findlay, 5; Peebles 6; 2nd Monmouth, Y. L. M. S., 10; Aledo Junior M. Soc., 7.50; Emsworth, 8; 8th Allegheny for 6th Chicago, 10; Tarentum, 8; Etna, 10; Sewickley, 10; 10th Allegheny, 5; 2nd Allegheny for Duquesne mission, 25; 6th Allegheny, Y. L. M. S., 10; Avalon, 5; Avalon H. & F. Mission Circle 10; Avalon Jr. M. Soc., 10; Bethel, (Wa.,) 4, Murraysville to Pitcairn mission, 12; Richmond W. Workers, 5; Oak Grove Beaver Valley Pres., 8.86.

Warm Springs Indians.—A Friend of Missions, 50; Wellsville Jr. S. C. E., 5; 3rd Philadelphia, 10; Etna, 5; Avalon, H. & F. mission circle, 6; Coin, 2.50; Beaver, 10.

Freedmen's.—Illinois Southern Pres., 3; Uniontown, 5; Northwood M. Band, 7.20; Monmouth, Ninth avenue, 5; 4th Allegheny Kings Daughters for Norfolk, 15; Etna, 5; 6th Allegheny for Knoxville, 15; Irwin, 9; "A Friend." Mt. Pleasant, 10; Red Oak Junior, 3; Coin, 2.50; Mt. Ayr, 4; Olathe, 8; Richmond W. Workers, 5; Oak Grove, Beaver Valley Pres., 8.88; Wurtemburg, 5.

Prarie Bluff Memorial.—Altoona Mission Band, 5; Union M. Band, Monongahela Pres., 3; Emsworth Jr. C. U., 3.04; Turtle Creek Band, 10.

Church Extension and Parsonage.—Miss Jane K. Denham, Wellsville, 25; Colorado Springs L. M. S., interest on parsonage loan, 18.75; Columbus Neill ave, interest on loan 89.10; Dexter, Ia., interest on loan, 3.50: 2nd Portland, Or., interest on loan, 53.50; Ninnescah, 8.45; McConald, 10; Etna, 10; Logan's Ferry, 5.

Ministerial Relief.—Ottawa, 2.

Orphau's Home Allegheny.—Wichita, 4; Turtle Creek, 5.

Memorial Hospital Allegheny.—Wichita, 2.67.

Aged People's Pome—Wichita, 4; 1st Wilkinsburg, 25; Logan's Ferry, 4; Pittsburg Syrian mission.—Salary, 45; rent, 9; incidentals, 6; all by Monongahela Presbyterial Soc.

Contingent Fund.—Interest on bank balance, 24.59; interest on investment, 154.27:

Investment reduced $3,000.00.

E. J. SLOAN, Treas.